The Senator and His Critic

-Let me put it to you this way. If you're owner of a small company in a little town, and some of the citizens have bought in, do you go around the tables at the annual celebratory banquet and insult your partners?

-So, you're corrupt.

-I swing with the system, not heroically but...

-The best Congress money can buy!

-That's glib. Money doesn't buy me but gets my ear.

-Uh huh. And then you do what the big boys whisper?

-Well that's often because they write the laws. Ones I submit are things of beauty. Compiled by legal geniuses, not ham-and-eggers.

-The aesthetics of treachery.

-Look, this is a burg of circling knives. To do the good I do-- and there is some...

-Accidental.

-I hafta keep one of em outa my back!

-You have many counterparts on the other side.

-But their platform is bananas. Not that anybody cares.

-Those are merely ideas. Money is not an idea. It has a palpable stink.

-Aroma is the word.